II

THE CONGRESS OF PARIS

IN our last lecture we studied the persons and the policies of the congress which met to divide Napoleon's gaudy coat of many colors and to inaugurate a new age of peace under the banner of legitimacy. For with all its selfishness, there had been a little idealism too, such as it was, and at least some of its members would have subscribed quite readily to the words of the French author who was then writing: "I belong to the general community of all mankind who since the beginning of the world have prayed to God." The authors of the final act at Vienna had met more than once afterward. They had imposed peace a second time on the finally beaten Emperor, and had sent him to weave his legend in the solitude of St. Helena. They had accepted the words of Alexander and signed the pact of the Holy Alliance, in which each promised before God that he would rule his people with justice and behave toward the others as a brother. Four of them had later promised to make peace compulsory by forever destroying among them the spirit of unrest and revolution from which they thought the world derived its troubles. And from their frequent councils had gone forth the troops which had quelled popular risings in Naples, in Piedmont, and in Spain. The first rift in their arrangements had come when England, whose commerce was now expanding, had refused to help put down the newly won independence of the Spanish colonies, and when, on the hint of Canning, John Quincy Adams had written the mem-

orable state paper which was to be forever known as the Monroe Doctrine.

Now all were dead save Metternich, and he was living in retirement, having been blown aside by the storms of 1848. In his own country, power had fallen from the trembling hand of Ferdinand, and even the young Francis Joseph had barely been held on what seemed then the most precarious throne in Europe by the fierce soldiers of his "brother," Nicholas of Russia. With what kingly gratitude he repaid this debt we shall soon see. It was an hour of new problems, for into western Europe had come the age of factories and capital, of great industrial cities with their slums, and under the leadership of men like Louis Blanc in France and Robert Owen in England the people had begun to ask strange new questions and to dream even stranger dreams. In international affairs, the revolt of Greece had awakened the national instincts of many a submerged people, and the peace which Russia had dictated to the Sultan under the walls of Adrianople had proved to the members of the still Holy Alliance that they were not only brothers, as the dead Alexander had said, but also expectant heirs waiting with scarcely concealed eagerness at the bedside of what everybody believed to be the very, very sick man of Europe—strangely convalescent in these days, it sometimes seems. In this expectant heirship lay the real cause of the war which was to end what Tennyson was calling "the long, long canker of peace," and to furnish the occasion of the second of the great peace congresses of the nineteenth century.

In the year 1853, three men were the masters of the destinies of Europe—Louis Napoleon, Nicholas of Russia, and Lord Palmerston—each destined to play a leading part in the great farce which was even then being rehearsed. Of these three, Nicholas and Palmerston had long been promi-

nent, while Napoleon was at the very beginning of his astonishing career. In political ideals the three had much in common, although their methods were so different that each would undoubtedly have regarded it as a great insult to have been told so frankly. It is often easier to say those things after men are dead. "The methods of Nicholas were those of the lion-tamer; he had conquered by terror, and his trust was in steel whips and iron bars. Napoleon had charmed the monster's ear with soothing phrases, had slipped a bit between its teeth and blinkers over its eyes, and harnessed it in triumph to the car of Empire."[1] To this very day men are hopelessly divided as to the real character of the strange adventurer, with his affable winning ways, who looked out from the mask of a smiling face with those half-closed eyes which never smiled. Was this second Napoleon a mere trickster and an actor, always wearing his dead uncle's hat and coat to hide his petty spirit, as he had worn them in the flesh when first he sought to win the garrison at Strassburg? Or was he, after all, something of a statesman who saw beneath the forms of things the moving spirit of the times? Was he a dreamer, as Bismarck thought, or was Cavour right when he called him the most positive genius of his day? Did he love absolutism for its own sake, or did he merely use it as a stepping-stone to liberty? We know perfectly well what Napoleon did, but who can say with any dogmatic certainty what he was? Perhaps he did not quite know this himself, and played his various parts with such sincerity that they came to dominate and even to control him. Clotilde, his cousin, who was once destined to be his wife, said of him long before he became emperor or famous: "If Louis becomes my husband, I will crack his head open to find out what thoughts, if any, are inside." Maybe that is the reason

[1] Phillips, "Modern Europe," p. 332.

they never married, and that Eugénie came to be empress in the Tuileries.

If we have trouble in getting a clear impression of the French ruler, the qualities of Nicholas stand out in bold relief. The third son of Paul, he was only five years old when his brother Alexander became czar. His mother brought him up with the greatest care, always fearful that some liberal notion might slip in to contaminate the purity of his royal mind. Needless to say, no La Harpe was provided for this young prince. Instead his chief tutor was a certain old Prussian soldier, whom the boy called "Papa Lamsdorf." From him Nicholas learned the soldierly virtues, directness, courage, love of order and authority; and he had no trace of the dreamy idealism which had marked the earlier career of his brother. His creed could be summed up in three words, Orthodoxy, Autocracy, and Nationality, or more fully in the words of one of the most influential writers of his time: "A nation is not a chance creation, but a living organism. Sovereignty comes from God. Its nature is not to be despotic but absolute. Legitimate kings are God's delegates to preserve the traditions and the unity of the past with the present." Alexander died in 1825, just a hundred years after his illustrious ancestor, Peter the Great, "of sheer weariness of life," as Metternich said, disillusioned and utterly discouraged at the hopeless compromise between absolutism and liberty. Among his papers was found a message to his successor, written at the Congress of Vienna, in which he expressed his own political ideals: "The Russian Empire is an autocratic state, and whether we consider its dimensions or its geographic position, the degree of its education or many other circumstances, we must admit that this form of government is the only one which will be proper for Russia for many years."

Whatever doubts existed in the mind of his brother were entirely absent from that of the soldierly young prince who now succeeded to the throne. The very first incident in his long reign was ominously significant. Constantine, the elder brother, was an erratic prince who was thought to have liberal views; and when he refused to take the vacant throne, the liberals started a revolution in the capital with the cry, "Constantine and the constitution!" At the trial of the rioters it came out that some of the common soldiers believed that "Constitution" was Constantine's kindly Polish wife. Nicholas was no man to be trifled with. Shots were fired, the crowd dispersed, and the fleeing rioters were pursued without pity by the mounted Cossacks. So many bodies were thrown into the river and became frozen in the ice, that an order was issued not to use the water that winter. Nicholas always believed that on that December day he had saved Russia from inevitable perdition. We have a naïve letter which he wrote to his brother, apologizing for a certain softness; for when the court had ordered the leaders to be quartered, he had commuted the punishment for some to ordinary hanging, which he seemed to think a luxurious form of death. Many others were sent to spend the rest of their days in the salt-mines of Siberia. In his external policy he was dominated by the idea that Russia, with her great army, was to be the chief of police for Europe. When the news of the February revolution reached him, he was surrounded by his nobles. "Saddle your horses, gentlemen; a revolution has been proclaimed in France!" But France was too far away, especially with discontent so much nearer to his doors, and he satisfied himself for the moment with issuing a strange manifesto against the western liberals, ending with words which to-day might emanate from his royal relative at Potsdam: "God is with us! Take heed, O

Nations, and submit, for God is with us!" Throughout his career there is no reason for doubting that within his judgment, which was narrow, and by his lights, which were dim, he sincerely desired the good of Russia and her church. But there remained in Russia the autocracy above, serfdom below, and the reign of anarchy among administrators and landowners.

Toward Turkey, Nicholas inherited the policy of expansion which came down to him unbroken from the days of Peter the Great. He believed that Russia was the predestined saviour of the fourteen millions of Christian subjects who groaned under the heavy rule of the Sultan. The Greek revolt gave him his great opportunity, and in two campaigns the Russian arms were carried almost within the shadow of the Sultan's capital (1829). Greece was independent, and Roumania and Servia were to be autonomous states under the sovereign protection of Russia. In case of disturbance, Russia was given much the same right of intervention which the United States has to-day in Cuba. Four years later, Nicholas helped Turkey to put down an insurrection which might have destroyed the Sultan's power, and as a reward the two states signed a secret treaty which allowed Russia to close the straits against any of her enemies in time of war. It was now evident enough that the control of Constantinople was the supreme ambition of the Russian autocrat, and England, under the leadership of Palmerston, stepped in to interfere and began to pose as the protector of the Sultan against the aggressions of his too powerful neighbor. Nicholas maintained his supremacy at Constantinople by fear alone, and when the Porte discovered a friend it turned and grasped the proffered hand with all alacrity. From that moment for many years the English minister at Constantinople was the virtual master of the destinies of the

Turkish empire. Except for one brief moment after 1907, Turkey has never since been an actually independent or sovereign state. Her policy has been clear and consistent throughout. However her masters might change, she has fought bravely and served well whomever might be most likely to preserve her power. All talk of Turkish independence has been mere cant, and in his foreign policy the Sultan has cowered like a dog beneath the crack of his master's whip. First it was the Russian, then the Englishman, and to-day it is the German; and it has been safe to prophesy throughout that whoever wins, Turkey eventually loses. And never did any ruling class more richly deserve to lose, as the massacres in Greece, the atrocities in Bulgaria, and the cruelties in Armenia most fully testify. Of all her masters, only the Russian has mingled a little of idealism with his selfishness, and has had in his purpose the final good of shattered peoples, or has had at stake a goal genuinely vital to the nation.

The ruling spirit in England was a representative of the great landed aristocracy, Lord Palmerston. It must be remembered that all this was before the days of the two great reform bills which were to give the suffrage to the common people and go far toward making England, at least politically, democratic. Palmerston believed in all the national movements which were going on in Italy and Hungary. He thought that the British constitution as it stood at that time was the last word in the history of human liberty. If a country had a House of Commons which represented the respectable classes, carefully guarded by a House of Lords to represent the aristocracy, what more could it desire? It therefore happened that German conservatives said that if the devil had a son it must be Palmerston, and that English Liberals regarded him as the most dangerous

man in Europe. Cobden said that Palmerston was the worst minister who had ever ruled England. Later on, when he needed his aid, Palmerston asked Cobden to join his ministry. The great Liberal said that it was impossible on account of the words which he had used. "Oh, that's all right; other men are with me who said even harsher things," said Palmerston, with a winning smile. "The difference," answered Cobden, without a smile, "is that I meant them." But it would not be quite fair to call Palmerston a hypocrite. He used cant without knowing it. He was one of those men who decide on policies for the most selfish ends and then make themselves believe that they are in themselves right. His absolute certainty as to his own infallibility was to him a source of great political strength, for with his eloquence he was able to persuade other and weaker men against their own judgment. Two men whose names should stand very high in any list of statesmen and lovers of humanity are an exception—Richard Cobden and John Bright. They always saw through him. But, as Palmerston said: "Cobden, Bright, and Company don't count in England to-day." He doubtless hoped that they would never count. He feared with all his soul that the day of reform might come. He distrusted the common people with the ballot in their hands, and dreaded a day which must inevitably sweep men of his stamp away and put power into the hands of men like "the Reverend Gentleman," as he sarcastically called John Bright on the floor of the House of Commons. On two memorable occasions, Palmerston's instinctive dislike for the young Republic across the seas almost brought England into war with America.

In his foreign policy the English minister sought to turn the thoughts of his countrymen from dangerous dreams of liberty to the glory of the empire. One of the first conse-

quences of the outbreak of the war with Russia was to compel the postponement of Russell's Reform Bill. That statesman had to announce to the House of Commons, in a speech broken by emotion, that "his darling had been given to the lions." Both Nicholas and Napoleon unwittingly played into the hands of the English minister. The Russian czar had come to England in 1844, and had suggested to Aberdeen, the foreign minister, that there was no essential difference between the interests of England and Russia in the East, and that the two might well come to some agreement as to the eventual disposition of the "sick man's" property. The ministers had listened to this cold-blooded proposal with some sympathy, and the paper was filed away in the Foreign Office for future reference. All except Palmerston. He had persuaded himself that Constantinople in the hands of Russia would be a vital injury to England. Just how, he did not stop to explain. He remembered with reverence the forgotten policy of his great predecessor Pitt, who was about to go to war with Russia about the Black Sea when the storm of the French Revolution burst. In later years Gladstone was to describe the debt of Europe to the Christian nations of the Balkans in a memorable passage of his eloquence: "They were like a shelving beach which restrained the ocean. That beach, it is true, is beaten by the waves; it is laid desolate; it produces nothing; it becomes perhaps nothing save a mass of shingle, of rock, of almost useless seaweed. But it is the fence behind which the cultivated earth can spread and escape the incoming tide, and such was the resistance of Bulgarians, of Servians, and of Greeks. It was that resistance which left Europe to claim the enjoyment of her own religion and to develop her institutions and her laws." All this Palmerston would perhaps have acknowledged, but when the issue was one of rivalry with Russia he was willing

that the beach should still remain desolate and barren. He even went so far as to talk of "the mild and beneficent rule of the Sultan." At the very moment when my Lord Palmerston was talking of Turkish independence, his representative in Constantinople, the astute Stratford, was writing the Sultan's notes, and carrying on both sides of a correspondence with England at the same time. Later, "when the French and Austrian terms were discussed in the cabinet—at the end of the discussion some one modestly asked whether it would not be proper to communicate with Musurus what was in agitation and what had been agreed upon, to which Clarendon said he saw no necessity whatever; and that, indeed, Musurus had recently called upon him, when he had abstained from giving him any information whatever of what was going on." When we remember that "what was going on" was the determination of the fate of Turkey, and that the countrymen of Ambassador Musurus were at that moment fighting bravely side by side with the French and English in the Crimea, we see clearly what Palmerston and Clarendon meant by Turkish sovereignty and independence. Perhaps Palmerston *was* a hypocrite, after all.

Under ordinary circumstances it is doubtful whether Palmerston could have led the English people into war, which he was always saying was inevitable, just as until recently some of our American jingoes were telling us that war with Japan was inevitable, and therefore presumably desirable. But Nicholas listened to the frantic appeals of the thoroughly frightened Francis Joseph, and sent his soldiers to put down the liberal movement in Hungary, which they did with great thoroughness and cruelty. Well might Louis Kossuth stretch forth his right hand before the crowds of London and say, "If it had not been for Nicholas, I had held the Hapsburgs in the hollow of that hand!" The

Czar was no politician, and he chose the very moment when the escaped Hungarian patriot was electrifying crowds in England and America with his eloquence—for Kossuth spoke English with singular power and grace—to broach again, and this time more bluntly, his scheme for the liberation of the Balkans. His success in Hungary made him feel that he too held the Hapsburgs in the hollow of his royal hand, and if only England did not interfere the end of Turkey had come. How much of bloodshed and of wickedness and wrong had been prevented had Nicholas had his way!

The conversations of the Czar of Russia with the English minister at St. Petersburg are among the most frank and remarkable in the whole history of diplomacy. Nicholas said he feared that the "sick man" would die suddenly and his estate fall into chaos and dissolution. He wanted England to agree that Servia, Roumania, and Bulgaria should be independent states, with frontiers according to nationality. England was to take Egypt, Cyprus, and Crete to protect the line to India. As to Constantinople, Nicholas was quite vague. But he did not want it to fall into the hands of England or France. He did not want the Greeks to reëstablish the Byzantine Empire, and above all he did not want it to become a little republic, "a refuge to the Kossuths and Mazzinis of Europe"; so it did not take a diplomatic genius to divine his real purpose. These proposals, and especially the last, shocked terribly the finer moral feelings of Lord Palmerston. The English people hated Nicholas with good cause as a tyrant. Nicholas proceeded to invade Roumania, to sink the Turkish fleet in the Black Sea, and to advance victoriously in the Caucasus. And so the war came, virtually a war for the possession of Constantinople.

All this time the new Emperor in Paris had been eagerly

awaiting an opportunity to go to war, it did not much matter to him just where or why. He needed a safe little war somewhere which might add the glory of arms to the rising star of empire and make the French people believe that they had a true heir of the "Little Corporal," whose bones lay beneath the stately dome of the Invalides. Louis Philippe had fallen because the French were bored to death by the peaceful, corrupt policy of Guizot, and their new Emperor was determined at least to keep them awake. This particular war suited his purpose to a nicety. It would be dramatic to fight, side by side with the nation which had sent his uncle to St. Helena, against the brother of the Emperor who had broken that uncle's power in 1812. Nicholas had addressed him, with ill-concealed contempt, as "my friend," and not "my brother," when he had reluctantly recognized the Second Empire. Palmerston had always been his friend when he needed friends sorely enough. And did he not have a little quarrel of his own with Nicholas, as to whether the Greek or Latin monks should hold the key to the Holy Manger in Jerusalem? For our Emperor knew how to be religious and orthodox in his own way, too! It is true the quarrel about the manger had been settled a full year before the war started, though our school histories still persist in giving it as the cause of the Crimean war; but glory is glory, and Frenchmen were to die in the winter of the Crimea, and to leave their bones in a distant land, as their fathers had died for the glory of that other empire when the tricolor had first gleamed under all the heavens of Europe, at Wagram, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Friedland, and at Waterloo. They did not know that they were really dying to pull Palmerston's chestnuts out of a particularly hot fire.

I know of only one English writer in recent years who points with any pride to the diplomacy which brought about

the Crimean war. That one published his history of the nineteenth century in 1913. At the close of his description of this episode he says with some condescension: "Captious critics of the policy of Lord Palmerston should remember that England is to-day in possession of Egypt and Cyprus, while Russia is no nearer Constantinople than she was in 1853."[1] That statement is unfortunately still true, but two years after this book was published, England had agreed to get Constantinople for Russia if she could, and her brave Australians were dying to secure the very thing which Palmerston and all the so-called statesmen of that day were so anxious to prevent. All the rest agree that the Crimean war "ought to have been and might have been avoided." Or, as one great English diplomat has said, "England put her money on the wrong horse!"

Even then there were men who could still see clearly. Lord Grey said, "We are arming to defend a phantasm, for the maintenance of the oppressor's domination."[2] Cobden pointed out the remarkable fact that the majority of the Sultan's subjects were passionately on the side of Russia. He was answered that they ought to know better. Even Disraeli, who was himself to make a like mistake, taunted the cabinet, "You are going to war with an opponent who does not want to fight, and you are unwilling to encounter him." But the whole influence of the press was the other way; the character of Nicholas was kept before the people. "The rage for this war gets every day more vehement, and nobody seems to fear anything but that we may not spend money and men enough in waging it," said one observer. And so when the war came, it was received with great popular enthusiasm.

[1] Marriott, "England Since Waterloo," p. 250.
[2] Paul, "History of Modern England," I, 332.

To this very day the fundamental question of the Crimean war remains unsolved. Who shall be the final heir of the unrivalled city on the straits? It stands at the crossing of two great lines of traffic. It reaches out to touch two continents. When defended with any skill it seems as nearly impregnable as any place in the world; for, alone among great commercial centres, it is situated at once on a peninsula and a strait. Its master owns a house with three doors which he may either open to his friends or close against his enemies. For almost a thousand years after it was founded, this imperial city was believed to be forever safe. Then, in the thirteenth century it changed hands three times, chiefly on account of the weakness of its defenders, the Greeks and the Venetians, until at last it fell into the hands of its present owners after the most memorable siege in history, when the cross was to blaze no longer on the incomparable dome of St. Sophia. Many times since that it has seemed that the Turks were sure to lose their capital, but always either its position or the jealous diplomacy of the rival heirs has intervened at the last minute to change its fate, and to-day the Turk stands in this gateway of the nations at least as firmly as ever. Historically, besides the Turk, only Greece and Italy could claim some right based on previous ownership. Modern Greeks do not forget that for a thousand years Greek religion and culture spread from the city on the Golden Horn over Russia and the Balkans. And to-day it is beyond question still a dream of men like Venizelos that imperial Greece may again hold sway over a united people from the shadow of the great cathedral. But one may well doubt whether modern Greece will ever have the culture or the strength that will be needed by the power which must hold the straits against so many rivals. In its population, Constantinople is probably the most cosmopolitan city except New

York. Just before the present war, she contained 1,000,000 people, of whom less than half were Turks, and the remainder were divided among the various Christian nations, with 150,000 Greeks and, of course, the ever present colony of Jews. The idea of nationality does not seem to apply with any certainty to the final and just determination of this question. Constantinople would be a source of sentimental pride to the Greek; it would round out the Bulgarian coast and possibly add just a little to the natural strength of the Bulgarian position; it is undoubtedly a convenient avenue to the German and the Austrian. But to all these it is, after all, a luxury, and a luxury which might well prove in the long run a source of serious weakness rather than of strength. Each has ample access to the sea in other ways, unless perchance Austria should lose Trieste. But to Russia, under modern conditions of trade and war, Constantinople is not a mere luxury of imperial expansion or of sentimental pride. It is a vital and compelling necessity. Russia might hold these straits without menace or injury to any other power, but no one else can ever hold them without menace to Russia. The heart of Russia lies on the great rivers which either lead directly into the Black Sea or, like the Volga, are capable of close connection with it through canals. Even with railroads, the Baltic and the White seas have no ice-free ports. Vladivostok is too far away, and beyond the Persian Gulf there is evidently no real market for the goods of Russia. The wheat of Odessa, the oil of the Caucasus, must pass out through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. And yet in a moment war might come, and shut her off almost completely from the rest of the world. With the straits in the hands of a possible enemy or of a mere pawn like Turkey, Russia is compelled to maintain a fleet in the Black Sea to prevent just such an attack as she suffered in the Crimean

war, and yet that fleet might be shut up and made absolutely useless to her. Her inability to use the straits helped to defeat Russia in her war with Japan. To appreciate the traditional attitude of Russia to Constantinople, we must imagine New York the only North American port, and that port held by Mexico, and Mexico in turn dominated by Germany. In such a case it would take no great prophet to foresee that in spite of all the peace societies in the world, or even if we sent delegates once a year to the Hague, some day something would break. Russia might give up Poland, Finland, and even the Baltic provinces. She might withdraw her last soldier from the far-flung extremities of her empire. Mongolia, Khiva, Bokhara, and Persia might know her no more. But she will never forget Constantinople or willingly see it in the hands of a rival. No matter how this war ends; no matter whether Russia is to be a monarchy or a republic; no matter whether she adopts a centralized government or one based upon the local autonomy of her constituent races, the dream of that one gateway to the sea is sure to come again to haunt her, and to drive her like a mighty giant some day to stretch her arms and break her bonds. No treaties, no schemes of disarmament will forever keep an empire of 150,000,000 people from the sea. This is not imperialism, it is the will to life; and Russia is forever the foe of that power which holds the straits. The peace of the world will not be secure for many years if Austria loses Trieste, or if Germany permanently gains Constantinople. In the case of each city, the political and economic considerations seem entirely to outweigh the confused problem of nationality. At the time of the Crimean war, the issue seemed to be between the Russian and the Turk. It really was between the Englishman and the Russian. To-day it is just as clearly between the German and the Russian; and the Bulgarian,

the German, and the Turk are to-day fighting side by side, just as the Englishman, the Frenchman, and the Turk fought a half century ago.

At the time of the Crimean war there was just one statesman in Europe who saw all this clearly and whose advice showed genuine foresight. That man was Bismarck, just beginning his remarkable career in Prussia. He urged Frederick William to throw Prussian influence on Russia's side, and to help her in her struggle against France and England. In all probability, he was already planning to get Strassburg from France and to eject Austria from her dominant position in Germany. In comparison with these ambitions, the solution of the Eastern Question seemed to him unimportant. From his point of view, it was really true that all the Balkans were not worth one Pomeranian grenadier, as he later said. And in the next congress we find Bismarck posing as the honest broker for Europe and willing to be an Austrian in Servia and a Russian in Bulgaria. Bismarck never fully understood the intense feeling of nationality in the Balkans, but he did understand the question of Constantinople. The Turk was a mere pawn; Constantinople was sure to be Russian some day. Why not help her to get it, and in the meantime secure a position of leadership for discredited Prussia? He advised his old master in this vein. He would have placed a great army in upper Silesia as a threat to Austria, and would thus have released the forces which Nicholas had to keep idle watching for a possible attack from his jealous and ungrateful neighbor. If Nicholas had been able to use his full strength in the Crimea against his Western enemies, it seems likely that Russia would have won the war even without the loss of a single Prussian life. Prussia might even have captured the French city of Strassburg while Napoleon was far away storming

the defences of Sevastopol, and Prussia instead of France would have become the liberator of Italy. The results are easy to foresee. Russia and Prussia would have dominated eastern Europe, and Prussia would have gained the mastery of the small German states which held aloof for fear of France and Austria. In short, Bismarck's plan was to fight the wars of 1866 and 1870 all at once. Even if he had not gained all his objectives, it is hard to see how Prussia could have lost. For even if Nicholas lost in the Crimea, Prussia would be stronger in Germany. But Frederick William did not have the vision or the courage: "My dear boy," he said, "that is all very fine, but it is too expensive for me. A man of Napoleon's kind can afford to make such master-strokes, but not I."

As a result, Prussia's position during the war was most ignoble, much to Bismarck's chagrin. She kept her army where it seemed a threat to Russia, with whom she had no quarrel, and so helped to bring about the defeat of Nicholas. And yet she would not promise to help the allies. Consequently she barely gained a late admission to the congress which was to arrange the terms of peace.

Austria, too, played but a sorry part. Nicholas thought that he had won eternal gratitude from Francis Joseph, whose tottering throne had been propped by the bayonets of Russia, and that only five years before. But gratitude among rulers is proverbially short-lived, and Francis Joseph was no exception. Austria had no desire to see Russia grow strong on her frontier, and only the fear of an Italian insurrection kept her from sending her soldiers into the Crimea against the armies of the Czar. She dared not do this for fear Piedmont might attack her on the plains of Lombardy. But she massed her soldiers in Galicia, where she lost as many men from cholera as she would have lost in a cam-

paign. When it was perfectly safe, she occupied with her troops Roumania, which the armies of Nicholas had been compelled to evacuate. So Austria made a bitter enemy, and was alone in the days of trial in 1859, 1864, and 1866. She had paved the way for her expulsion from Italy and Germany, and was to remain isolated and friendless until the days of the alliance which has endured so remarkably the shock of the present war.

Piedmont, under Cavour, seized the moment of Austrian weakness and hesitation to send a little well-equipped army of eighteen thousand men to play their part in the Crimea and to gain a place at the council table of the nations for their country. Cavour sent his Italians with the famous words, "You have the future of your country in your haversacks," and the men in the trenches caught the spirit of the great prime minister and answered with self-fulfilling prophecy, "Out of this mud Italy shall be made." The Italian soldiers were destined to take part in only one small skirmish, in which they lost twenty-eight men killed. But they fought in a dramatic moment of the great siege, and side by side with the greatest powers in Europe, and it was true that "in the waters of the Tchernaya the stain of Novara was wiped out for ever." "Cavour could speak with his enemies in the gate."

To the rest, the war was grim tragedy enough. The allies lost 100,000 men in those two terrible winters in the Crimea, a number equal to the greatest army which they ever had in the field at one time. Every other man who left England amid the early acclamations of the people was destined never to come back. Cold had to be endured such as Englishmen and Frenchmen had never dreamed possible. Then cholera spread. And to these enemies were added wretched arrangements of transportation and even poorer

generalship. Lord Raglan was a gallant old gentleman, but the task which he had undertaken was quite beyond his very moderate abilities. It is said that when the French marshal, as his subordinate, asked him for instructions, Raglan placed his hand on his heart and answered, "To men like you instructions are not given. I simply point and say, 'There is the enemy!' " As the Frenchman said, this was generous, but it was not war. Some one had constantly blundered. The common soldiers of all the armies fought with supreme devotion and courage, but each new general made mistakes which kept green the memory of his predecessors. Thousands of shoes were delivered to the freezing soldiers in the trenches, all for the left foot. Boxes of ammunition were sent to the base hospitals and drugs to the firing line. "Punch" pilloried the selfish greed of the contractors in a cartoon entitled, "One man's preserved meat is another man's poison."

In the meantime, conditions among the Russians in the beleaguered city were even worse. The Russian people had entered the war with almost the religious enthusiasm of a crusade. They were fighting not only for their Czar, but for their nation. Tolstoy visited the men on the front lines, and has recorded the quality of their spirit. "The principal joyous thought you have brought away with you is a conviction of the strength of the Russian people. What they do is all done so simply, with so little effort, that you feel convinced that they could do a hundred times as much." Korniloff, the commander, stands before them and shouts, "Lads, we will die, but we will not surrender Sevastopol!" and from down the long lines comes ringing back the echo of his words, "We will die! Hurrah!" And die they did. The figures of Russian losses given by the most conservative authorities are almost beyond belief, greater than the losses

of any other army of equal size in modern times. Nicholas lost a full half million of the army of a million with which he started the war.[1] And the worst of it was that most of them died on account of red tape and lack of food. It was said that every road in southern Russia was lined with the bodies of the dead. One famous order was endorsed twenty-one times and was as yet unobeyed. Ox-carts were requisitioned from the peasants, and were then piled in great heaps unused. The whole system of which Nicholas was so proud had broken down completely. He had counted on Generals January and February to fight for him. But these grim generals distributed their ghastly favors with equal hand. After the loss of the first battle he felt that the hand of fate was on him and gave up all hope. "I cannot change," he said to his son. In 1848 he had said to his nobles, "Let us forget mutual grievances. Give your hands to one another as brothers, as children of our mother-country, so that the last hand may reach me, and then, under my leadership, rest sure that no earthly power can disturb us." They had taken him at his word, and he had failed. The man was weary, broken-hearted. In February he developed a slight cold. He refused to take even the most ordinary precautions, and died on the second of March, 1855. His last words to his son were, "I leave you a disordered house." "Punch" had another grim cartoon which showed "General February," as Death, laying an icy hand on the old man's heart.

The failure of Nicholas, however, was to bring some measure of good to the Russian people. Alexander II as heir had been as reactionary as his father or his son after him. At heart he was always an autocrat, even when he was called "The

[1] Cambridge Modern History, IX, 324.

Czar Liberator." But the necessities of the hour pressed the situation home to him with compelling force. Russia was full of great indignation and contempt. The people knew that the tragedies of the war were not their fault. The new Czar was threatened with revolt more dangerous to his house than any foreign enemy. There had been five hundred riots in the lifetime of his father. The next riot might be a revolution. Something had to be done, for Alexander was determined not to be another Louis XVI. He had the wisdom to see the danger and to make an immediate promise of reform. Within the next ten years the serfs were liberated, at least on paper; the legal system was changed and made more just; and some beginning was made in the direction of local self-government for Russia by the creation of local assemblies which should represent the peasants, the burghers, and the nobles. In these assemblies seems to lie the hope for an orderly democracy in Russia to-day. The liberated peasant was made responsible to his village for the little patch of six or seven acres which the typical family received, and all the land was to be paid for in forty-nine years. The final payments were made at last in 1910, and for the first time the average Russian peasant became an individual landowner. In the long run this change, here briefly sketched, was probably the most enduring consequence of the Crimean war.

With the fall of Sevastopol, all were anxious for peace except Palmerston and the Queen. England had made great sacrifices of men, money, and, most of all, of reputation, as was to be evident when the great Mutiny broke out in India the next year. But Napoleon would not go on, and there was no use trying to fight on alone, especially since it would be almost impossible to tell what they were fighting for.

When Kars fell into his hands, it seemed to Alexander that a favorable moment had come to sue for peace, and the diplomats assembled in Paris to arrange the terms.

The chief issue of the war had already been settled by events and was beyond the reach of diplomacy. Constantinople was to remain Turkish, and that empire was to have its sovereignty and independence guaranteed by the joint action of the three allied powers, England, Austria, and France. The Sultan was to have complete dominion over his Christian subjects, and that was to mean in practice the right to murder and to rob,—although he was quite willing to make the usual virtuous promises, which no one except Palmerston even pretended to believe. There remained much simpler problems than had confronted the earlier congress. What should be done with the Black Sea and the Danube? These were the questions which the diplomats had to discuss during that single month of March, 1856. No territory changed hands except a little strip near the mouth of the Danube which was taken from defeated Russia and given to one of the two principalities which were to be united two years later into the modern kingdom of Roumania. England gained nothing at all, and Napoleon nothing but the glory of being host at the conference and helping to dictate from the seclusion of the Tuileries the terms of peace. Men might well ask, "Was it for this that so many hardships have been suffered and that 600,000 brave soldiers have died?"

The congress itself was much smaller and more definitely organized than the one which had met half a century before. This time the kings were not in evidence, but sent their servants to do the work for them. This fact in itself indicates a considerable development of the idea of the state as distinguished from its ruler. Six states were represented,

first and last, and their delegates came in two by two, like the animals into the ark. They sat in twelve arm-chairs around a table covered with green velvet, in the Hall of the Ambassadors, and met every other afternoon at three. There was a little side table for the secretaries. Etiquette was by this time definitely established. In international congresses the host acts as chairman and his colleague as secretary. Thus, if there should be a congress at Washington, the President would be the natural chairman, and the Secretary of State would be secretary, and the delegates would be arranged alphabetically, starting at the President's right hand, quite after the fashion of a formal dinner,—for example, Austria on his right and Brazil on his left, and so on. There is no chance for a modern Talleyrand to crowd into a good seat. This scheme is probably the best available in a jealous world, but might evidently be unjust to the Sultan of Zanzibar.

The formal meetings were interspersed with festivities and celebrations. By a curious coincidence, the Prince Imperial was born during the sessions, and the delegates adjourned to file past the cradle. One records that he had blue eyes and that across his breast was placed the cordon of the Legion of Honor. Years later this boy was to die a tragic death in Zululand. But his birth seemed to the people of Paris a symbol of the peace which was to come, and they received the news with acclamations, for they hated "Plon-Plon," the Emperor's cousin, who was the heir apparent.

If we had dropped in on the meetings around the green velvet table, we must have thought that it was a dress rehearsal for a comic opera. Indeed, in this circus, as some one has remarked, the side show was really more interesting than the main tent, and some affairs of greater moment were settled in private interviews with the silent man in the Tuileries than

in the Hall of the Ambassadors. For Napoleon was, after all, a man of real ability and of genuine ideals. It is noteworthy, by way of contrast with the next congress which shall meet, that four of the states were virtually absolute monarchies, and two were aristocracies. There was no representative of a democracy, for even in England and in Piedmont the suffrage was very limited. It was a curious fact that the only self-made man was the Turkish grand vizier. All the rest were nobles.

At the head of the table, presiding over the deliberations, sat Walewski, son of the great Napoleon and of a Polish countess. Born in 1810, he had been rescued from obscurity when his kinsman became emperor. Louis Napoleon evidently believed in the hereditary character of genius, and Walewski became the foreign minister of France. Napoleon always placed men in power whose fortunes were entirely bound with his and whom he could therefore count on. Somehow Walewski, a loud-talking, rattle-brained man, had escaped all traces of his great father's genius. He had a habit of getting started to prove some proposition, becoming lost in the flow of his own oratory, and ending by proving with the greatest emphasis the very thing which his opponent desired. We are told by one who was present that on these occasions his colleague Benedetti, who was secretary and sat across the table, would wait until the chairman was not looking, and then "raised his eyes to heaven, held his head in his hands, shrugged his shoulders, and uttered discreet sighs," as much as to say, "What can you expect?" It was well for France that nothing really vital was at stake.

Buol represented Austria. He had stopped on his way to Paris to tell Bismarck that Prussian interests would be safe in his hands. Bismarck summed him up, "If I could

be as great for a single hour as Buol thinks he is all the time, I should establish my glory forever before God and man." "To listen to Buol," Orloff, the bluff old Russian, remarked to Cavour, "you would suppose that Austria had taken Sevastopol." And so we might go on around that table. What a strange crowd, and what a pitiful world of human beings to leave the arrangement of their destinies to such men!

Only one man at that table is to-day remembered by the world. He had planned through the years to be present, and men had died to send him there. In the fact of that man's presence lay, unrevealed but real, the whole future destiny of Italy. Metternich, watching from his thoughtful retirement, said of him: "To-day there is one diplomat in Europe, and unfortunately he is against us." He too, like Talleyrand, had expected to play but a sorry part. Piedmont had made great sacrifices, and all depended on the skill with which this little, unimposing, bespectacled individual had read the character of the Emperor. Could he depend on the mixed idealism and fear of that adventurer? Would he have a chance to present the wrongs of Italy, so that they would blaze before the eyes of Europe and no one would dare to interfere when her great hour came? All this he had planned and hoped; and yet he feared. There is an astonishing similarity between the careers of Talleyrand at the Congress of Vienna and of Cavour at the Congress of Paris. "It is possible," Cavour wrote to his colleague, "it is even probable that this mission will be the last act of my political life." When he went to Paris he was not even sure that the great powers would admit him to the congress. But they could not forget the sacrifices of Piedmont, and the two Italians arrived punctually to the minute at the first

meeting. Clarendon now played the part of Castlereagh, and said to Cavour with the patronizing air of a great statesman to an amateur: "You have too much tact to take part in affairs which in no way concern you. You will be present at the discussion, and think of something else." One feels like asking, How intimately was England herself concerned in the destiny of the Black Sea? If Clarendon's test had been applied, all should have "thought of something else" except the Russians and the Turks. But it was a world of great powers, and the little fellows must not meddle.

Cavour assumed his rôle of modest and interested attention, and played it with consummate tact and skill. He had rare social ability and, except on one famous occasion, perfect self-control. He listened with profound admiration to the words which fell from the great men's lips, much as a newly admitted young partner in a firm might sit at his first meeting. To think that the one man of genius must remain silent at that table of chattering fools! And he doubtless thought of something else, as he had been ordered! He thought of glorious Venice groaning under a foreign yoke; he thought of Milan and of Florence, where once the world had gone to school, and of the brave men who had died to make them free; he thought of Imperial Rome and of the day when the City on the Seven Hills should once more be the capital of a great free people; he thought of Naples on her rounding bay, and of her noisome dungeons filled with untried prisoners. As he looked across the table at noisy Buol, he must have thought of Austria, whose soldiers were the cause of all these wrongs. And when the moment came he spoke in words which burned and seared, with all the restrained power of great eloquence. In spite of Buol's angry protests, the congress had committed itself to the

cause of Italy, and from that moment Italy was destined to be free. I wonder whether ever before or since one single speech has been staged so carefully, or has meant so much.

As for the rest, let us remember that the Black Sea was neutralized, both Russia and Turkey being forbidden to have either fleets upon its waters or forts upon its shores. This "negative servitude," as the lawyers call such provisions, was destined to last only until the first moment came when Russia could throw off its galling restriction. Kars, at the gate of Armenia,whose fall had shed a single ray of lustre on the Russian arms, was given back to the Turk, to use in his own bloody and nefarious way. The three great powers guaranteed the sovereignty and independence of both Sweden and Turkey, which might be threatened by Russia, and the great river Danube was neutralized and opened to the traffic of the world, under an international commission. The beneficent provisions of this idea lasted until the present war. Above all, certain general rules, called the Declaration of Paris, were adopted which were to protect neutral commerce in time of war. Neutral goods were to be safe on enemy ships, except contraband of war; and, conversely, even enemy goods were to be safe on neutral ships. Privateering was abolished, and the rule was laid down that no blockade should be legal unless it actually prevented access to the enemy coast. These are the first international provisions dealing with the freedom of the seas, and are memorable for that reason, though they have been honored so much more in the breach than the observance, and have failed so completely to safeguard neutral rights in the present war. They were expected to make neutral property at sea safe in time of war. To-day the world seems to have taken a step back, and the issue is not whether property can

be made safe, but whether the most fundamental of rights can be defended, and the lives of non-combatant men, women, and children guarded against sudden and treacherous attack on the broad, uncharted highways of the sea.

The treaty of Paris was signed on the thirtieth of March, 1856, and the congress adjourned amid the ringing bells and the plaudits of a happy people.